

COWBOY No. 30

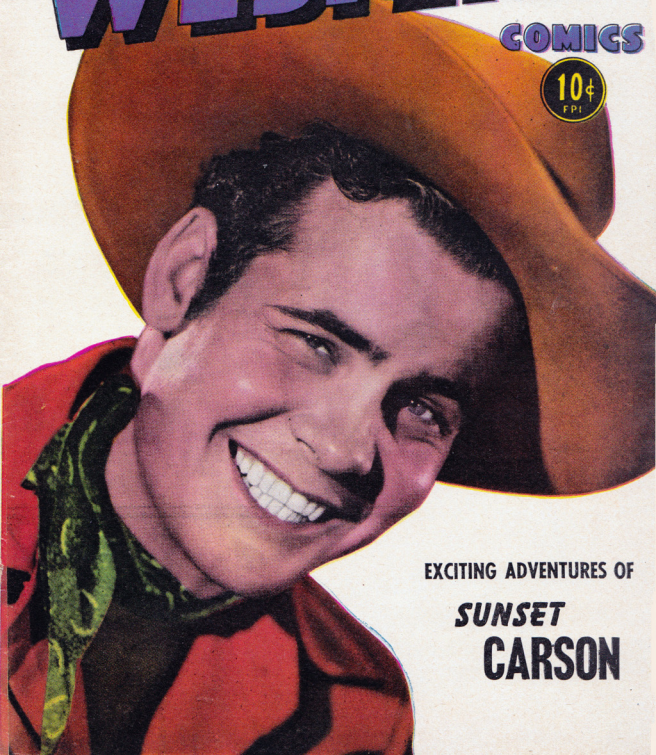
10¢

WESTERN

COMICS

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EXCITING ADVENTURES OF

**SUNSET
CARSON**



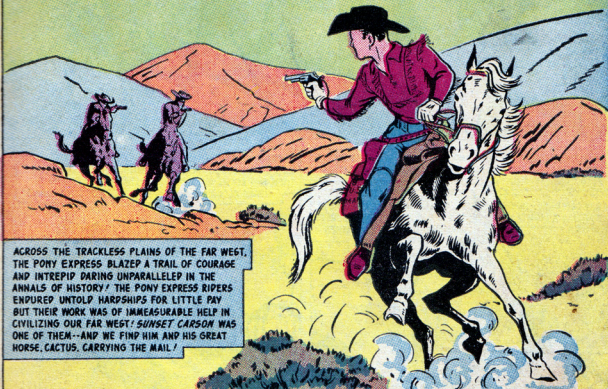
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Sunset Carson

IN "DEADLINE"



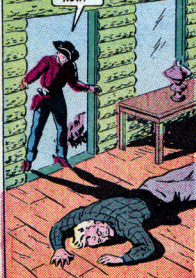
ACROSS THE TRACKLESS PLAINS OF THE FAR WEST, THE PONY EXPRESS BLAZED A TRAIL OF COURAGE AND INTREPID DARING UNPARALLELED IN THE ANNALS OF HISTORY! THE PONY EXPRESS RIPERS ENDURED UNTOLD HARDSHIPS FOR LITTLE PAY BUT THEIR WORK WAS OF IMMEASURABLE HELP IN CIVILIZING OUR FAR WEST! SUNDAY CARSON WAS ONE OF THEM--AND WE FIND HIM AND HIS GREAT HORSE, CACTUS, CARRYING THE MAIL!

IT'S SUNDAY'S LAST TRIP FOR THE PONY EXPRESS--HIS DESTINATION, BIG ROCK SPRINGS, IS NEAR AS HE THUNDERS ON TO THE LAST WAY STATION BEFORE STARTING THE FINAL DASH!

THIS IS THE LAST TRIP, CACTUS, LET'S MAKE IT A SIZZLER! POP HANNON, THE PONY EXPRESS AGENT, WILL BE SURPRISED THAT WE GOT HERE SO QUICKLY!



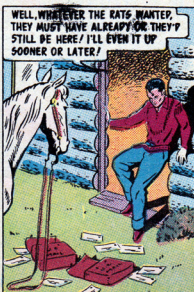
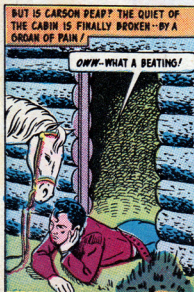
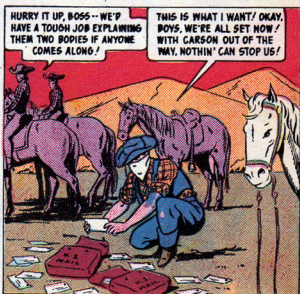
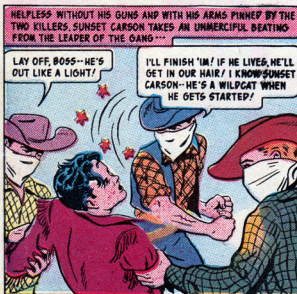
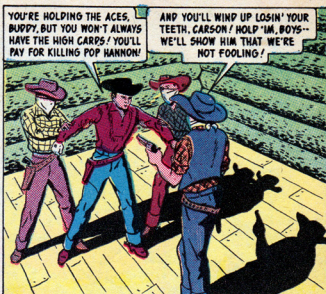
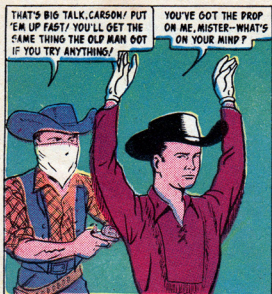
NOPE--POP HANNON WON'T EVER BE SURPRISED BY ANYTHING AGAIN! I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THE RAT WHO PIP THIS! I GUESS THEY'RE A LONG WAY OFF BY NOW!



NO, SUNDAY--THE KILLERS AREN'T FAR AWAY! IT MIGHT BE BETTER IF THEY WERE.

I'LL GET WHOEVER DID IT, POP, I PROMISE! THEY WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT!





COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

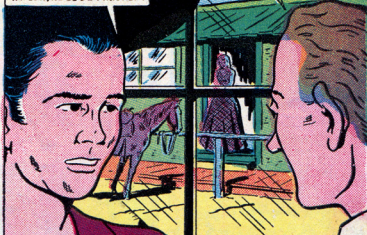
STILL SUFFERING FROM THE BEATING THAT WOULD'VE KILLED AN ORDINARY MAN, SUNSET CARSON SUCCEEDED IN RIDING INTO BIG ROCK SPRINGS!

I'LL GET RID OF THE REST OF THE MAIL AND HUNT UP MARTHA TAYLOR! MAYBE SHE CAN TELL ME WHAT WAS IN THAT LETTER IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO BE WORTH A MAN'S LIFE!



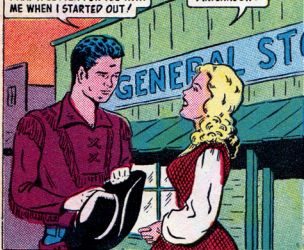
WELL, YOU HAVE MY REPORT ON POP'S MURDER AND THE REST OF THE MAIL! NOW, IF YOU'LL TELL ME HOW TO FIND MARTHA TAYLOR, WE'LL BE FINISHED!

JUST LOOK FOR THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN THE COUNTRY, SUNSET--SAY, THERE SHE IS NOW, COMING OUT OF THAT STORE!



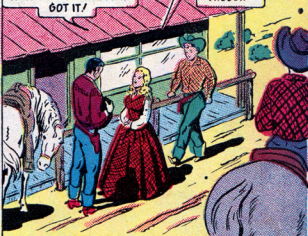
MISS TAYLOR? MY NAME'S SUNSET CARSON--I JUST RODE IN WITH PONY EXPRESS MAIL! I HAD A LETTER FOR YOU WITH ME WHEN I STARTED OUT!

I'VE BEEN EXPECTING MAIL FROM THE WESTERN UNION! HAVE YOU GOT IT WITH YOU, MR. CARSON?



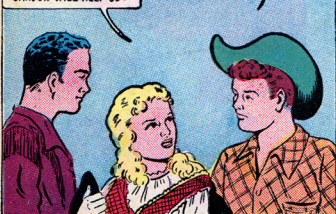
I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY, M'AM! THREE MEN MURDERED POP HANNON AND AMBUSHED ME BACK A WAY! THEY WERE AFTER YOUR LETTER AND GOT IT!

DON'T APOLOGIZE, MR. CARSON--THEY MUST HAVE BEATEN YOU TERRIBLY! I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY WANTED MY MAIL, THOUGH--



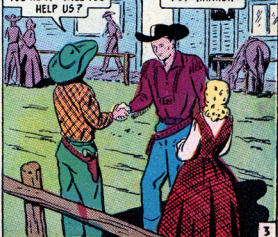
I OVERHEARD THAT, SIS, AND I THINK I HAVE THE ANSWER! IF WE DON'T HAVE THE WESTERN UNION LINES UP AND WORKING IN TEN DAYS, WE'LL LOSE THE CONTRACT! SOMEBODY ELSE WANTS THE JOB BADLY ENOUGH TO COMMIT MURDER! WE'LL NEVER FINISH IN TIME!

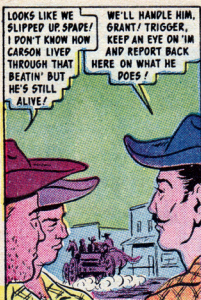
BUT WE MUST, TOM! PERHAPS MR. CARSON WILL HELP US!



SUNSET CARSON? I'VE HEARD OF YOU, SUNSET--AND IF ANYONE CAN GET THE JOB DONE IN TIME, YOU'RE IT! WILL YOU HELP US?

WELL, I'M OUT OF A JOB ANYHOW--I'LL GIVE YOU A HAND! IT'LL HELP ME GET A LINE ON THE RATS THAT KILLED OLD POP HANNON!





LOOKS LIKE WE
SLIPPED UP, SPAD!
I DON'T KNOW HOW
CARSON LIVED
THROUGH THAT
BEATIN' BUT
HE'S STILL
ALIVE!

WE'LL HANDLE HIM,
GRANT! TRIGGER,
KEEP AN EYE ON 'IM
AND REPORT BACK
HERE ON WHAT HE
DOES!



WHEN THE WESTERN
UNION SURVEYED THEIR
LINES THEY FOUND THAT
IT CROSSESS OUR RANCH!
THEY'LL PAY US TO RUN
THEIR LINES BUT IT
DOESN'T SEEM LIKE
ENOUGH TO MAKE IT
WORTH MURDER!

I'VE HEARD OF
MEN WHO MADE
A LOT OF MONEY
TAPPING THE
LINES, THEN
USING WHAT
LEARN TO EXTORT
MONEY! THAT'S
AN ANGLE ANYHOW.



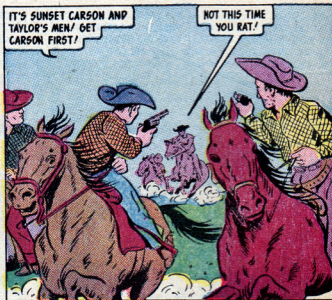
ONE OF THE BOYS
JUST ROPE IN AND
SAID A SHIPMENT
OF TELEGRAPH
POLES IS ON THE
WAY. HE SPOTTED
SOME RIPPERS BUT
THEY RAN OFF
BEFORE HE SAW
WHO THEY WERE!

WE CAN'T TAKE A
CHANCE ON LOSIN'
THOSE POLES! COME
ON, SUNSET, LET'S
MAKE SURE NOTHIN'
HAPPENS TO THEM!



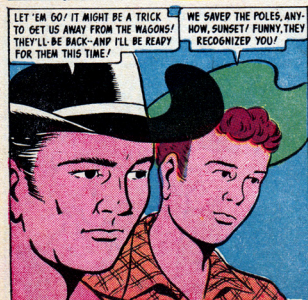
I WAS RIGHT, SUNSET--
THERE'S FIRING COMING
FROM UP THERE!

WE'LL GET THERE IN TIME.
TOM--I'LL SURE ENJOY
GETTING A SHOT AT
THOSE COYOTES. SO FAR
THEY'VE HAD THINGS ALL
THEIR OWN WAY!



IT'S SUNSET CARSON AND
TAYLOR'S MEN! GET
CARSON FIRST!

NOT THIS TIME
YOU RAT!



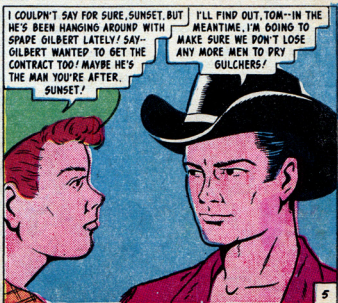
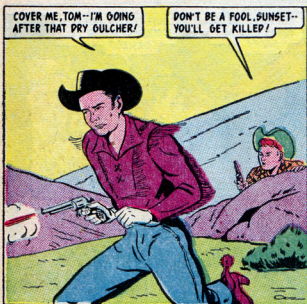
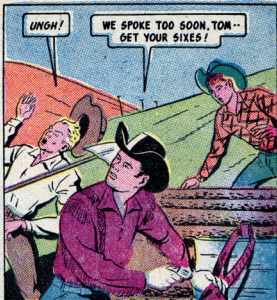
LET 'EM GO! IT MIGHT BE A TRICK
TO GET US AWAY FROM THE WAGONS!
THEY'LL BE BACK--AND I'LL BE READY
FOR THEM THIS TIME!

WE SAVED THE POLES, ANY-
HOW, SUNSET! FUNNY, THEY
RECOGNIZED YOU!



IF I ONLY KNEW WHO THEY WERE, I'D HUNT
'EM DOWN LIKE MAP DOGS! I'LL KNOW
ONE IF I EVER SEE HIM AGAIN--THE
LEADER HAD A SCAR ON HIS ARM! HE'S
THE SAME MAN WHO TRIED TO KILL ME
THIS MORNING!

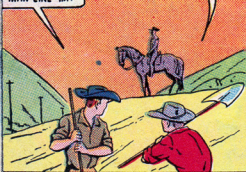
I'LL BE ON THE LOOK-
OUT FOR THE SCAR,
SUNSET--WE'LL FIND
THEM!



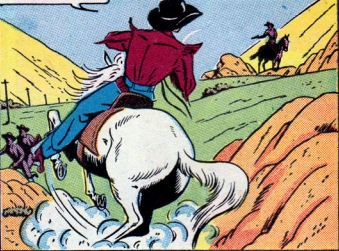
THE HIDDEN ENEMIES OF SUNSET CARSON AND THE TAYLOR FAMILY TRIED AGAIN AND AGAIN--BUT SUNSET'S BLAZING GUNS MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR THE WORK TO CONTINUE DESPITE THEIR MURDEROUS TACTICS--

THIS JOB WOULD BE PLUMB UNHEALTHY IF HE WASN'T HERE! I NEVER SAW A MAN LIKE 'IM!

HE CLEANED OUT TWO MORE YESTERDAY AFTERNOON--I GUESS THEY WON'T BOTHER US TOO MUCH FROM NOW ON.



GET GOING, CACTUS--WE HAVE COMPANY! THIS ONE IS GOING TO SING A SONG--AND IF I HEAR WHAT I EXPECT, I'M GOING TO WAR!

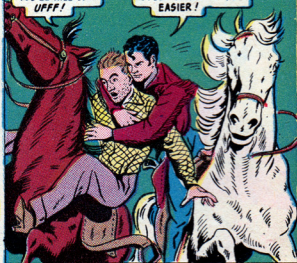


WASTE YOUR SHELLS, MISTER--YOU CAN'T GET AWAY--GO CACTUS!



GET AWAY, YOU FOOL--YOU'LL KILL US--UFFF!

QUIT CRYING, FRIEND--I COULD'VE KILLED YOU EASIER!



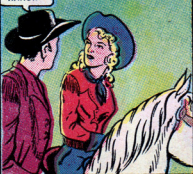
SPADE SAID YOU WERE OVER-RATED! I'D LIKE TO KILL 'IM FOR THAT!

SPADE, EH? THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT! I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO PAY YOUR FRIEND MR. GILBERT A LITTLE VISIT!



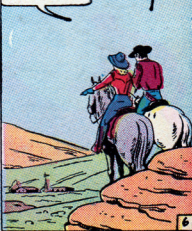
I DON'T WANT TO TAKE YOU, MARTHA, BUT I THINK YOU'D BETTER COME ALONG AND IDENTIFY YOUR LETTERS--I HAVE A HUNCH WE'LL FIND THEM AT SPADE GILBERTS RANCH!

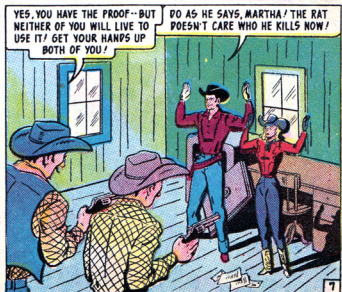
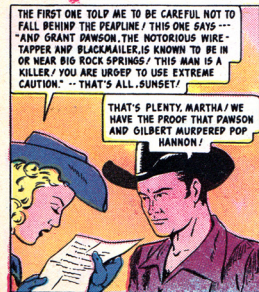
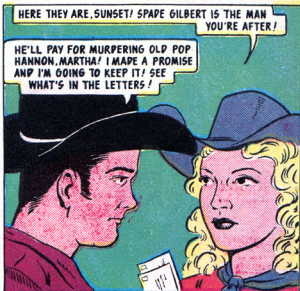
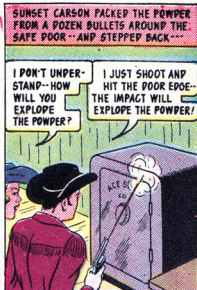
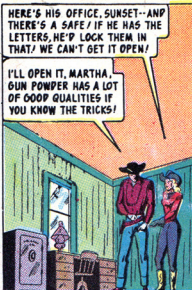
SPADE GILBERT! I KNEW HE WAS ROTTEN BUT I PIP-N'T THINK 'HE WAS A KILLER--OF COURSE I'LL COME WITH YOU, SUNSET!



THAT'S THE RANCH, SUNSET! I DON'T SEE ANY HORSES--MAYBE THERE'S NOBODY THERE--

THAT'S EVEN BETTER--WE'LL GET A CHANCE TO LOOK AROUND!





COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

THIS WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD, GILBERT! IF THE COMPANY KNOWS DAWSON'S HERE, THEY'LL SMOKE YOU BOTH OUT SOONER OR LATER!

NOT IF I OWN THE TAYLOR RANCH, AND I WILL! SIT DOWN AT THAT DESK, SISTER, AND WRITE EXACTLY WHAT I PICTATE!

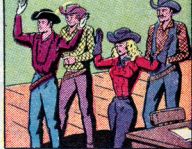
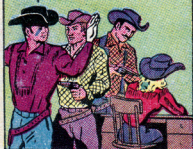
WRITE THIS--SUNSET CARSON AND I ARE LEAVING TOGETHER--I'VE SOLD THE RANCH TO SPADE GILBERT TO GET MONEY FOR US. THIS WILL SERVE AS HIS BILL OF SALE--SIGNED.

MARTHA TAYLOR.

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS--SUNSET AND I WILL DENY IT--UNLESS--

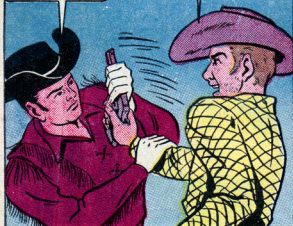
THAT'S IT EXACTLY, MISS TAYLOR--YOU AND SUNSET AREN'T GOING ANYWHERE! THEY'LL NEVER FIND YOUR BODIES WHERE DAWSON AND I HIDE THEM! READY, DAWSON--YOU TAKE CARE OF SUNSET!

THAT MIGHT BE A BIG JOB, DAWSON!



I CAN HANDLE---OWW! SPADE---HELP!

NOTHING CAN HELP YOU NOW, DAWSON!



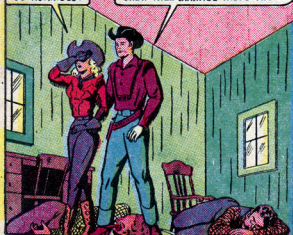
I'M NOT AS EASY AS DAWSON---OOOOH!

DON'T SHOOT, UGH!



I KNOW THEY DESERVE TO DIE, SUNSET--BUT IT'S SO HORRIBLE!

MEN LIKE GILBERT AND DAWSON DIE YOUNG, MARTHA! I'LL TAKE YOU BACK TO THE RANCH. GILBERT'S CREW WILL MANAGE THESE TWO!

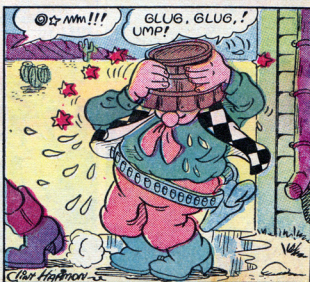
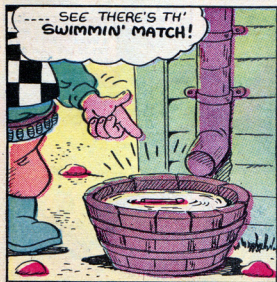
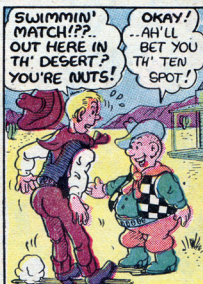
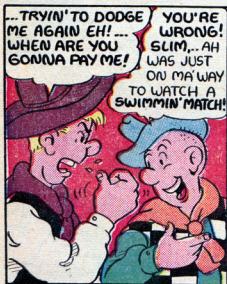
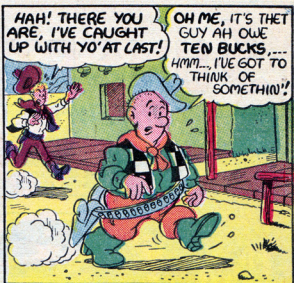
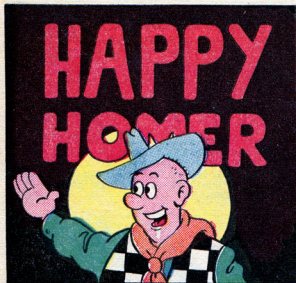


THE COMPANY DEADLINE WAS MET AND THE WIRES WENT UP-- BUT SUNSET CARSON REFUSED JOBS OFFERED BY THE TAYLORS AND WESTERN UNION! MEN OF HIS CALIBER AREN'T MEANT TO LIVE IN PEACE!

SO LONG, MARTHA--GOOD-BYE, TOM! I'LL BE AROUND IF YOU EVER NEED ME AGAIN!

YES, HE'LL BE AROUND! WITHOUT MEN LIKE SUNSET CARSON, THE GILBERTS AND PAWSONS OF THIS WORLD WOULD RUN WILD!





SUNSET CARSON

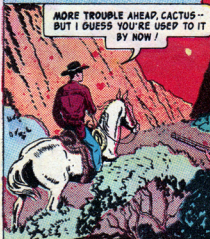
in — GATEWAY TO DEATH!

IN THE FOREFRONT OF THE ENDLESS WAR AGAINST CRIME AND KILLERS, *SUNSET CARSON* IS KNOWN AND FEARED BY THE OUTLAWS OF THE WEST! THEY KNEW WELL HOW PEAPLY HIS UNERRING GUNS CAN BE--AND THEY'VE SEEN HIS PAUNTING COURAGE TURN CERTAIN DEATH INTO VICTORY WITH DISASTROUS RESULTS FOR THE VANQUISHED!



SUNSET CARSON'S PRESENT MISSION TAKES HIM INTO THE RICH PECOS CATTLE COUNTRY--WHERE THE RANCHERS ASSOCIATION IS HELPLESS AGAINST A RUTHLESS BAND OF RUSTLERS AND DRYGULCHING KILLERS!

MORE TROUBLE AHEAD, CACTUS-- BUT I GUESS YOU'RE USED TO IT BY NOW!



THE TROUBLE WASN'T LONG IN COMING-- IS SUNSET CARSON BAPLY HURT--OR DEAD?



I HOPE I DIPN'T KILL --- I MISSED!

NOT BY MUCH, MA'AM! I NEVER SHOT A WOMAN--BUT IF YOU TRY TO USE THAT GUN AGAIN--I'LL SURE START!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

I HOPE YOU WON'T THINK ME BAP MANNERED IF I RELIEVE YOU OF THE POP-GUN! YOUR AIM COULD IMPROVE!

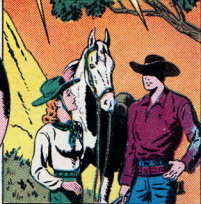
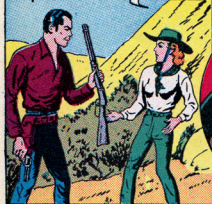
I SUPPOSE YOU WANT TO KILL ME LIKE YOU DID MY BROTHER! I'M ONLY SORRY I MISSED YOU! GO AHEAD--KILL ME!

NO, EVEN MY WORST ENEMY HAS NEVER SAID I PICK ON WOMEN! JUST WHY DID YOU SHOOT AT ME?

I-I THOUGHT YOU WERE ONE OF THE GANG WHO NEARLY KILLED MY BROTHER AND TRIED TO RUN US OFF OUR RANCH! ONE OF THEM IS BIG LIKE YOU BUT HE WORE A MASK! HE'S THEIR LEADER!

THEY'VE RIPPEN BY AT NIGHT AND SHOT AT OUR WINDOWS, TRYING TO FRIGHTEN US OFF! WE HAVEN'T BEEN HERE LONG BUT IT'S THE ONLY HOME WE HAVE!

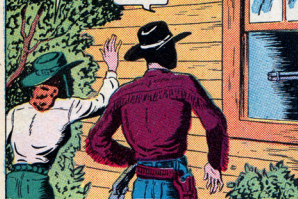
WHO OWNS THE RANCH ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PASS?



TUCKER CADMAN OWNS IT! IT'S ALL RIGHT. HENRY--I DON'T THINK HE'S ONE OF THE GANG!

WHEW! THIS IS SURE NOT A PEACEFUL FAMILY!

KEEP YOUR HANDS AWAY FROM YOUR GUNS, STRANGER!



MY NAME IS SUNSET CARSON! YOUR SISTER JUST DECIDED THAT I HAVE AN HONEST FACE!

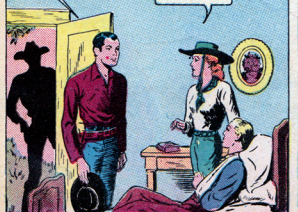
SUNSET CARSON! RUTH, YOU NEARLY KILLED THE ONE MAN WHO CAN HELP US!

DON'T REMIND ME! I WAS SORRY AS SOON AS I PULLED THE TRIGGER!



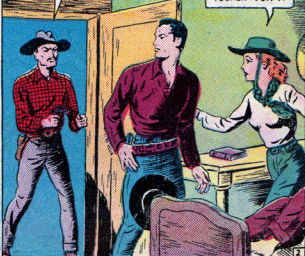
YOU MENTIONED TUCKER CADMAN AS THE OWNER OF THE SPREAD JUST ACROSS THE GAP--TELL ME ABOUT HIM!

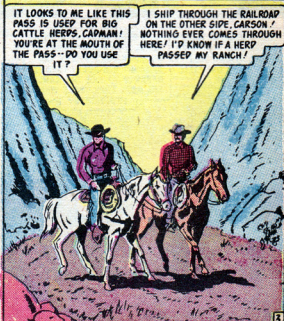
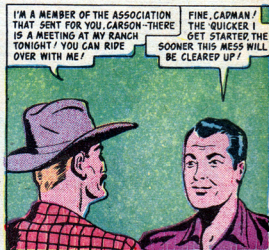
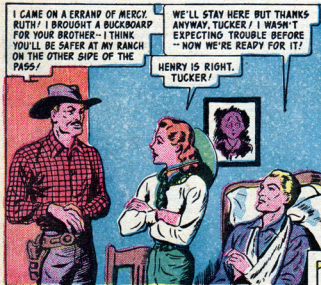
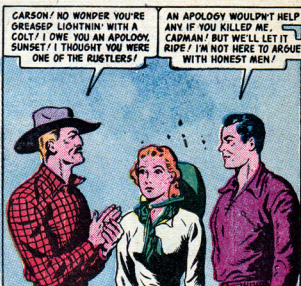
HE'S BEEN WONDERFUL TO US, SUNSET! HE FOUND HENRY AFTER HE WAS NEARLY KILLED AND BROUGHT HIM HERE! THEN HE OFFERED TO BUY THE RANCH FOR MORE THAN TWICE WHAT IT'S WORTH!



I'LL TELL YUH MYSELF, YUH MURPERIN' RAT!

TUCKER--DON'T!

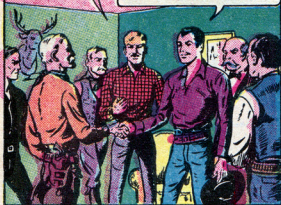




THE RANCHER'S ASSOCIATION WERE ALREADY AT CAPMAN'S RANCH WHEN THEY ARRIVED---

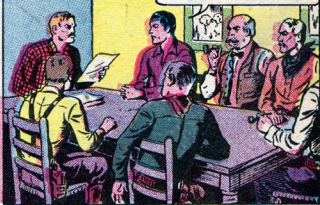
THIS IS SUNSET CARSON, GENTLEMEN! IF ANYONE CAN STOP THE RUSTLERS FROM STEALING US BLIND, HE'S THE MAN!

I'LL MAKE A GOOD TRY, CAPMAN! HOW DO THE RUSTLERS WORK?



I'VE LOST A THOUSAND HEAD IN THE LAST MONTH! COLLINS LOST THE SAME AMOUNT. THE OTHERS A LITTLE LESS! IT HAS TO BE STOPPED OR WE'LL ALL GO BROKE! AS SECRETARY OF THE ASSOCIATION, I KNOW!

OH, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO WROTE ME! WELL, BOYS I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO! GOT ANY IDEA WHO'S DOING IT?



THE LEADER OF THE GANG IS MASKED ALL THE TIME BUT I'M SURE IT'S DUKE ALTON! I SAW HIM ONCE AND I'M SURE HE'S THE LEADER!

YES, SUNSET, TUCKER HAS US CONVINCED IT'S DUKE ALTON! WE HAVE A REWARD POSTED FOR HIM DEAD OR ALIVE!



THAT'S AN OLD OWLHOOTERS TRICK BOYS! THEY BLAME A FAMOUS OUTLAW FOR THEIR CRIMES TO TAKE THE HEAT OFF THEMSELVES! IT'S NOT ALTON! I'M SURE OF THAT!

ARE YOU CALLING ME A LIAR, CARSON? I'M SURE HE'S OUR MAN!



DON'T FLY OFF THE HANDLE, CAPMAN! I KNOW IT'S NOT ALTON--BECAUSE HE'S IN PRISON IN COLORADO! WELL, BOYS, I'LL LOOK AROUND!

OH, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! IF YOU NEED ANY HELP COME TO ME!

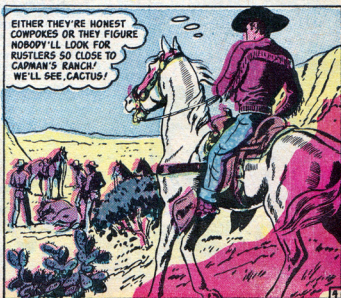


SUNSET DIDN'T ACT LIKE A MAN RIDING INTO DANGER--OR DID HIS CONFIDENT SMILE INDICATE THAT HE HAD ALREADY MADE PROGRESS?

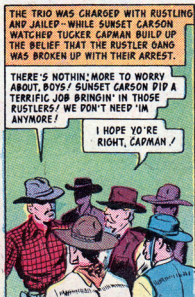
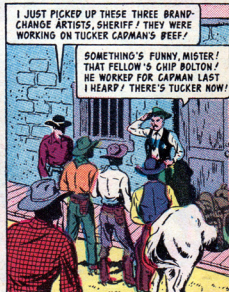
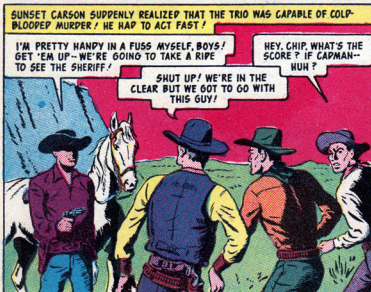
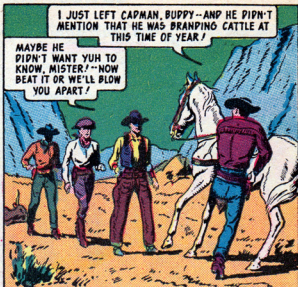
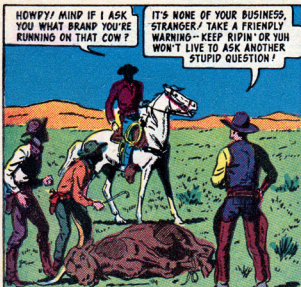
YES, SIR, CACTUS--THIS CASE ISN'T WHAT IT SEEMS TO BE ON THE SURFACE! WE GOT TO SCRATCH A LITTLE DEEPER TO FIND OUR MAN!



EITHER THEY'RE HONEST COWPOKES OR THEY FIGURE NOBODY'LL LOOK FOR RUSTLERS SO CLOSE TO CAPMAN'S RANCH! WE'LL SEE, CACTUS!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

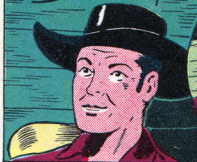
SO YOU THINK THERE'LL BE NO MORE RUSTLING, EH, CAPMAN? IT'S FUNNY--I GOT THE IMPRESSION THAT CHIP FELLOW KNEW YOU PRETTY WELL!



THAT'S RIPICULOUS, CARSON! YES, THE RUSTLING IS OVER--AND YOUR JOB IS FINISHED! WHY DON'T YOU HIT THE TRAIL!

NOT ME, CAPMAN, I'M GOING TO REST UP. I DIDN'T ASK TO COME HERE--YOU GENTS INVITED ME! NOW, I'LL STICK AROUND FOR A WHILE!

YOU'RE A GUNMAN, CARSON, IF YOU WANT THE TRUTH! WE HIRED YOU FOR A JOB, YOU PIP IT--NOW WE DON'T WANT YOU! THIS TOWN HAS NO ROOM FOR HIRED KILLERS!



SUNSET CARSON'S USUALLY EVEN TEMPER FLARED AT THAT--AND CAPMAN FOUND HIMSELF LOOKING INTO EYES AS HARD AS FLINT!

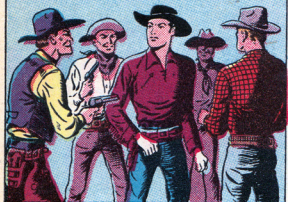
DON'T CALL ME THAT! I'VE GOT A PRETTY GOOD IDEA WHY YOU WANT TO GET RIPPED OF ME, CAPMAN!--BUT I'LL BE AROUND WHEN THE FUN BEGINS TO POP!

YUH'LL LEAVE IF I HAVE TO TIE YUH IN THE SADDLE TO DO IT!



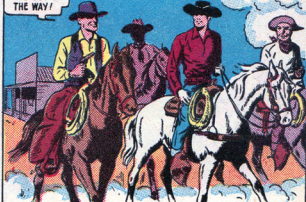
SURPRISED, CARSON? MY BOSS, MR. CAPMAN, SPRUNG US! WHAT'LL WE DO WITH 'IM, BOSS?

HE'S LEAVIN' TOWN, CHIP, AND HE'S NOT COMIN' BACK! IF HE DOES I'LL HOLD YOU PERSONALLY RESPONSIBLE! TAKE HIS GUNS!



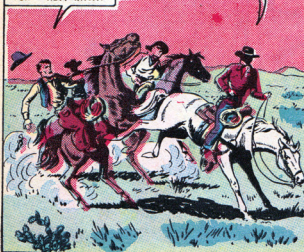
IT LOOKS LIKE THINGS CHANGED A LITTLE, EH CARSON? WHEN WE ROPE IN YOU WERE ON THE OTHER END OF THE GOLT! NOTHIN' PERSONAL--BUT WE GOT BUSINESS TONIGHT--AND WE WANT YOU OUT OF THE WAY!

DON'T COUNT ON ME IN THIS PARTY, CHIP! I'M LIABLE TO DECIDE TO HEAD FOR OTHER PARTS!



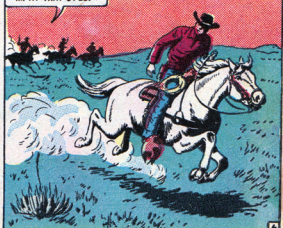
YUH GOT A BIG MOUTH, CARSON! WITHOUT GUNS YUH--HEY! WHOA!

GIVE 'EM BOTH HEELS, CACTUS! SEE WHAT I MEAN, CHIP?



MAKE PUST, CACTUS! THOSE CROWBAITS THEY'RE RIDING CAN'T CATCH US!

LOOK AT THAT HOSS TRAVEL! WE CAN'T HIT 'IM AT THAT SPEED!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

LATER THAT EVENING--

SUNSET CARSON! A COWPOKE TOLD US THIS AFTERNOON THAT YOU CAPTURED THE RUSTLERS ALREADY! THAT'S WONDERFUL!

IT MIGHT BE IF IT WERE TRUE, RUTH! I PICKED UP A COUPLE OF SMALL FRY BUT CAPMAN HAD THEM RELEASED LATER!

I'M GOING TO BORROW YOUR SIX-GUN, HENRY! I LOANED MINE TO A FELLA BACK IN TOWN! CAN HE BE MOVED, RUTH?

WHY-- YES, IF HE HAD TO BE! WHY, WHAT'S WRONG?

NEVER MIND, RUTH-- IF SUNSET WANTS ME MOVED, THAT'S THE WAY IT'LL BE. HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING!

THANKS FOR YOUR CONFIDENCE, HENRY! THERE'S GOING TO BE A CATTLE DRIVE THROUGH HERE TONIGHT-- AND THE GANG WILL MAKE SURE THE WITNESSES WON'T LIVE TO TALK ABOUT IT!

Y-YOU MEAN THEY'D KILL US? BUT WHY?

THERE COULD ONLY BE ONE REASON-- THE RUSTLERS ARE KNOWN TO BOTH OF YOU-- PROBABLY GETS BY AS RESPECTABLE MEMBERS OF THE COMMUNITY!

YOU'RE TOO SMART, CARSON! WE'RE RUNNIN' A HERD OF CATTLE THROUGH THE PASS TONIGHT-- YOU THREE WILL HAVE A RINGSIDE SEAT!

I GET IT, YOU RAT! YOU GET US OUT OF THE WAY AND MAKE IT LOOK LIKE WE WERE ACCIDENTALLY CAUGHT IN A STAMPEDE!

THAT'S RIGHT, CARSON! GET MOVIN'-- IT'LL BE JUST AS EASY TO SHOOT YOU HERE AND CARRY OUT YOUR BODY!

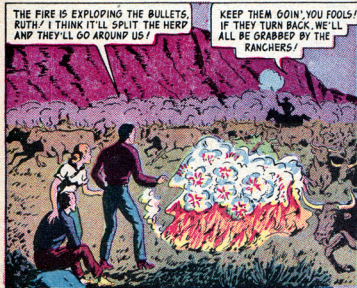
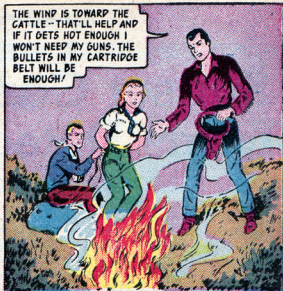
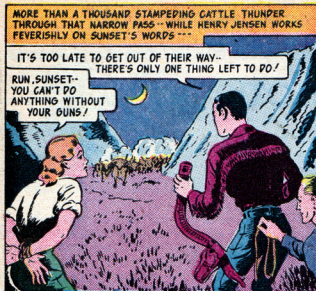
TAKE OFF THE MASK, CAPMAN! I'VE KNOWN SINCE I GOT HERE THAT YOU'RE THE RUSTLER'S BOSS! I WANTED TO CATCH YOU IN THE ACT!

WELL, YOU DID-- BUT IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD! TIE 'EM GOOD, BOYS-- CARSON'S A SLIPPERY CUSS! HE HAS TEN MINUTES BEFORE THE HERD COMES!

THERE'S NO TIME. SUNSET, THEY'RE COMING ALREADY!

THERE'S TIME TO TRY, RUTH! WORK ON THESE KNOTS. HENRY-- YOU HAVE ONE GOOD ARM!

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



Sunset Carson Turns Detective



Alvin Brock was the type of man who rarely betrayed his feelings. The five years during which he had been warden of the State Penitentiary had taught him to mask his emotions. The day they hung Five-Finger-Pete, the warden merely puffed on his cigar. And when Lon Parker failed in his prison break and landed in a barrel of rainwater the warden casually remarked, "Put him in solitary for a month on bread and water."

But just now the warden was all smiles. Standing in front of him was the most famous and fearless man of the west. Extending his hand, the warden greeted him, "Good to see you again, Sunset. Last time we met was at Fort Jackson when Chief Little Water was on the war path. What brings you here? Personal visit or is it on official business?"

Sunset came right to the point. "I knew Paul Cornell's father. Before he died he asked me to keep an eye on his son. Believe me I was shocked when Paul was tried and convicted for the murder of his mine partner. Too bad I couldn't be at the trial. I was busy with those rustlers down the border. However for the last month I have been doing some checking on my own and I am convinced beyond a shadow of a doubt that Paul is innocent."

"They almost lynched Paul and now you tell me he didn't commit the murder of Ed Devery. Can you back that up?" challenged the warden.

"You bet I can," snapped back Sunset. "It looked like a cut and dried case. They found Paul in the office with his six shooter in his hand. Paul was unconscious from a blow on the head. Next to him was the body of Devery with a bullet through the heart. Paul claimed he heard a shot and rushed into his office. Someone struck him on the head and he was out cold. Unfortunately everyone in Gainesville knew Paul and Ed had had a terrible quarrel over the mine. So with bad blood between them things certainly looked bad for Paul."

The warden was the type of a man who could always remember the main issue. "But

how could you prove Paul was innocent?"

"That was very simple," explained Sunset. "Doc Jones dug Ed's body and extracted the bullet from his heart. It was a round .50 shot which probably came from a single shot ball-and-cap pistol. Paul's gun was a .45 Colt which uses a different type of slug on its cartridge head. I explained this to the Governor. He gave me a pardon and I'm taking Paul out of this place."

It was good again to breathe the fresh air of the outdoors. Paul was about twenty-six, heavy in frame, with brown hair and jet black eyes. His face was still somewhat pale as a result of his imprisonment for half a year. Astride the horse Sunset had provided for him, he tried his best to find words of thanks. "If it hadn't been for you I would be rotting inside that place for the rest of my natural life. But why are we headed back to Gainesville?"

Sunset Carson felt it would be best to reveal his purpose. "Every one in town now knows you have been pardoned. The word has been spread that we both have an inkling of who it was that framed you. That ought to make the real killer a bit nervous and anxious to put both of us out of the way. Thus I want to force him to show his hand."

For a week the two traveled slowly over mountains and plains until they were within ten miles of their destination. There was a small wooden bridge over Matty's Creek. It was just wide enough for the two horses to make it side by side. Paul's horse was slightly in the lead when the planking gave way. "I'm falling," he shouted, "the bridge is going down!"

Sunset's trained horse reeled with its forefeet high in the air. For a moment it looked as though horse and rider would also plunge into the creek below. With an iron grip Sunset held the reins and pivoted his horse to the left. He saw Paul struggling in the water and being carried by the swift current to the falls which were just half a mile away. Sunset raced his horse along the banks of the creek. His right hand went for his lariat. Swinging the rope over his

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

head he shouted at the top of his lungs, "Catch it Paul!"

There could be no second chance. Paul reached for the rope that landed just ahead of him and grasped it tightly. Sunset pulled the young man ashore. Paul was shivering from the water as well as from the shock. "You just sit down on this ground. I'll build a fire and make you some coffee. Then you rest a bit while your clothes dry out," said Sunset.

When Paul opened his eyes again it was morning. "There I might have been except for you," he said as he pointed towards the falls. "A terrible accident I want to forget." "That wasn't an accident," corrected Sunset. "While you slept I did a bit of looking around. The under beam was sawed through. An old saw did the job. Had one broken tooth and two bent teeth. Left their marks on the beam. There definitely is someone who wants both of us out of the way." "I guess that means the fellow is nibbling at the bait you are offering — human bait," suggested Paul. Then he asked, "What happened to my horse?" Sunset's face clouded. "Went over the falls and was killed. We'll have to ride double into town. Where's the first stop?"

"I guess we ought to stop off at my old mining shack. Steve Sullum, my old mine manager, is still there. He stuck with me through everything. I sold him my interest in the mine to raise money for my trial. We ought to be at the shack in about two hours," said Paul.

Smoke rising from the chimney informed Sunset and his friend that someone was in the shack. They dismounted and knocked on the door. "Come on in," a heavy deep voice called out. Steve Sullum was in his late thirties, medium built, with black hair. He had a limp and Steve nodded his head in bewilderment as the two crossed the threshold. Then a welcoming smile appeared on his face. "Glad to see you Paul." Turning to Sunset he added, "Mighty nice to have you here Mr. Carson. Whole town is talking of how you got Paul free. Sit down a spell while I rustle up some grub." Paul was soon seated before a table while Sunset went outside to look after his horse. His eye spotted an assortment of tools at the side of the shack. He picked up a hammer, a plane and a saw. Then he dropped the tools back into the box. He knew he would have to plan his next steps very carefully. He returned to the shack and ate some flapjacks with Paul.

When the food had been eaten Sunset decided to make a change in his plans. His eyes had noticed something around the edges of the boot soles on Steve's shoes. "I suppose you

really know the reason why Paul and I are here?" he began. And without waiting for any reply to that question he continued. "I know the identity of the man who killed Ed Devery."

Steve's breathing became heavier and more pronounced. He backed up to the side of the shack and sat down. His right hand reached out for a heavy silver-topped cane which he shifted to the side of his right foot. "You know the identity of the killer?" he managed to get past his lips.

Sunset riveted his eyes directly on Steve. "Sure, I know the name of the killer. I'll admit I don't know the motive. The killer is the same man who hoped the two of us would plunge to our death when the planking on the bridge gave way." Sunset stopped as though to give time for those words to sink in. Then he went on. "At least you should have seen that not a bit of sawdust remained on the edges of your shoes. I think I can convince any jury that it was your saw which did the job."

Steve held the handle of the cane so that it faced Sunset. The top had sprung aside. "There's a heavy ball in this gun-case," he warned. Drop your gun belt." To Paul's surprise, Sunset followed orders. With Sunset's gun in his hand, confidence came back to Steve. "I'm going to kill both of you," he announced, "and I'll bury you deep in the mine shaft."

"Before you kill us, any objection to telling why you murdered Devery?" asked Sunset. There was a short hysterical laugh and then Steve began his story. "I found a vein of pure gold in the shaft we use as a storeroom. I wanted it for myself. When Ed and Paul quarreled I figured it was my chance to put Ed out of the way. Wasn't sure of how it would work out. I killed Ed with a ball from this gun cane. I saw Paul coming into the shack from the window. Hid behind the door and hit him with the cane. Then I took his gun and fired one bullet down into the mine shaft. Next I doubled back to town for supplies so I wouldn't be around when things happened. Now I'm going to kill you." Steve fired twice — and nothing happened. Sunset's fist connected with his jaw and Steve slumped down. Bewildered at the turn of events Paul's mouth opened. "I took out the shells when I was outside the shack," explained Sunset. "I knew he was my man."

Warden Alvin Brook didn't bat an eye as the trapdoor was sprung and the noose tightened around the neck of Steve Sullum. Sunset had only one remark to make. "When a man kills for greed he often signs his own death warrant."

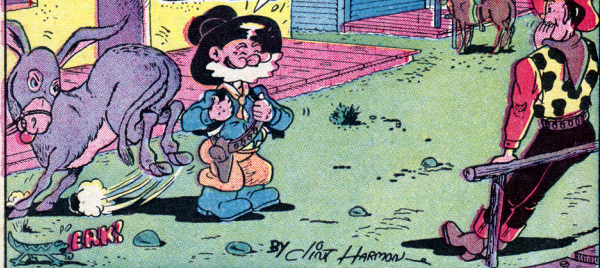
—Harold Gluck,

PECOS *Bill*

"SWEET CHILDREN"
OR
"PRANKS AND SPANKS"

YOU KNOW PECOS,
AH HAS WENT JUST
ABOUT AS HIGH AS A
FELLER CAN GO IN THIS
TOWN... BEING SHERIFF
AN' EVERYTHING!

OH, AH DON'T
THINK SO SHERIFF,...
AH WOULD SAY, YOU
IS ABOUT TO ATTAIN
NEW HEIGHTS!

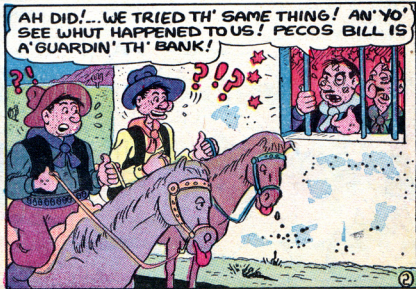
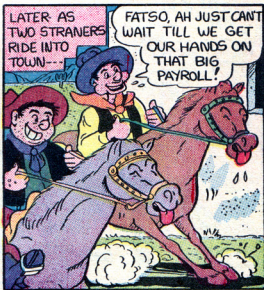
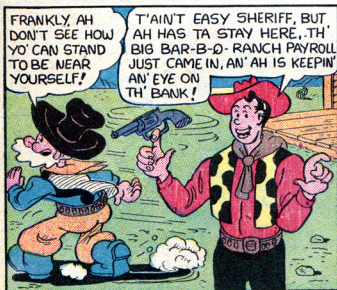
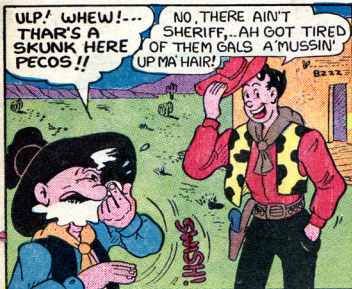


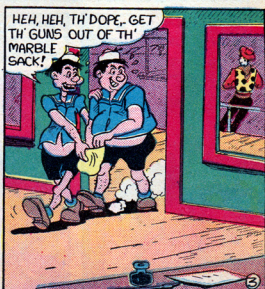
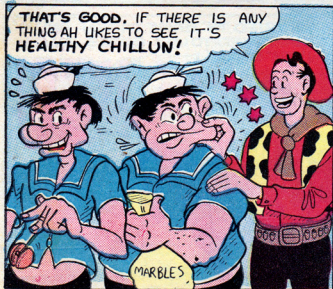
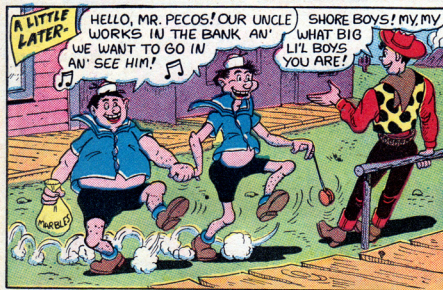
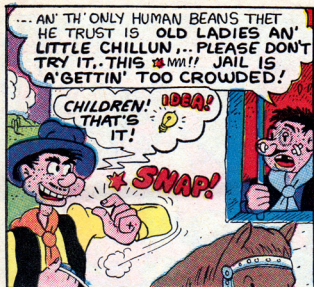
HUH, HEY PECOS! HOW COME ALL TH' PURTY
GAL'S IS A'STANDIN' OVER THERE ADMIRING
YO'; INSTEAD OF ALL AROUND YOU A'GAZIN'
INTO YOUR BIG BLUE EYES AN' A'STROKIN'
YOUR HAIR!??

OH THAT!

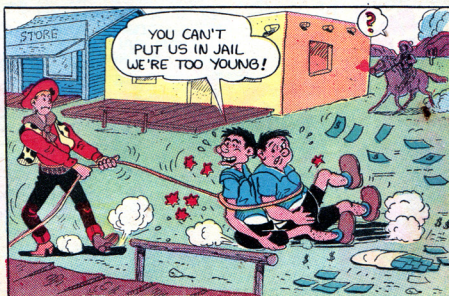
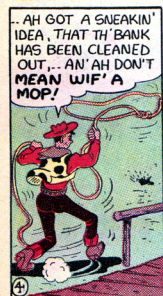
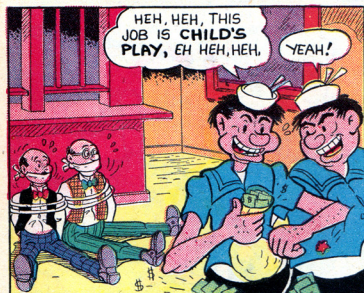
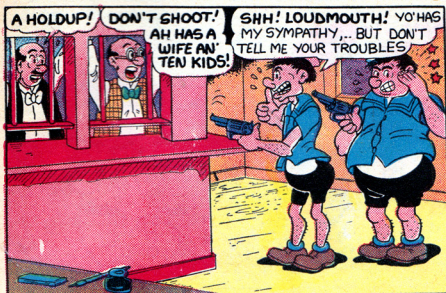


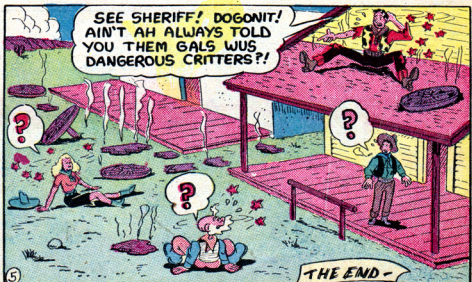
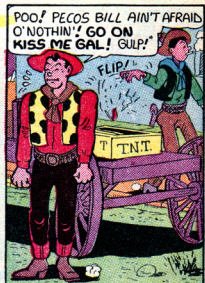
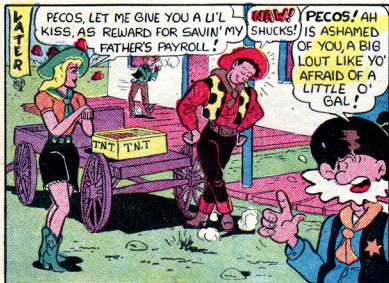
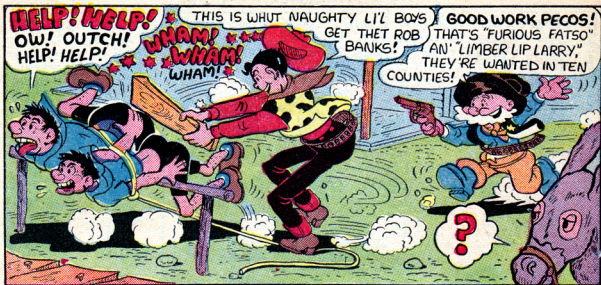
COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

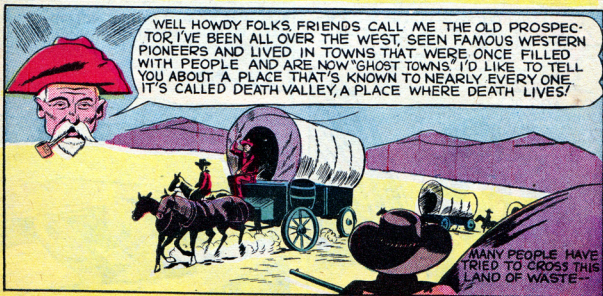
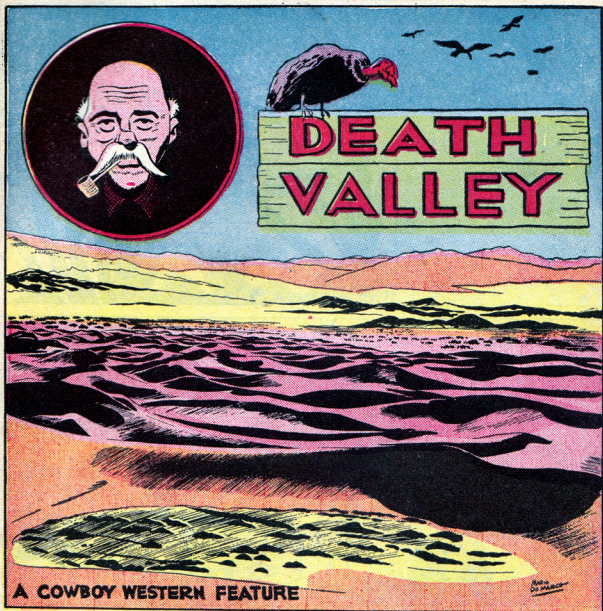




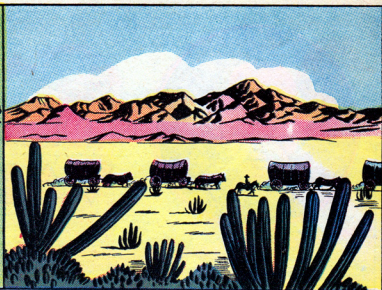
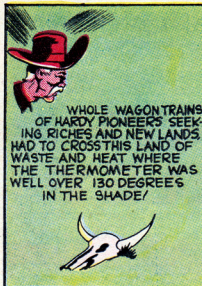
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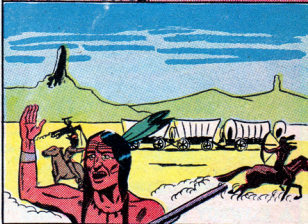
COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



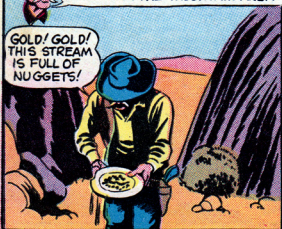
THE DANGERS OF DEATH VALLEY WERE UNKNOWN AT THIS TIME. FEW HAD EVER MADE A CROSSING...



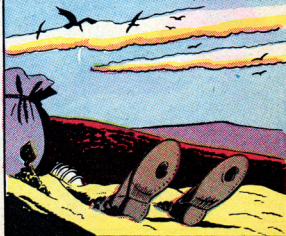
THERE WAS THE TERRIBLE HEAT THAT DROVE MEN INSANE—THIRST AND MARAUDING SAVAGES THAT PREYED ON THESE HELPLESS PEOPLE.

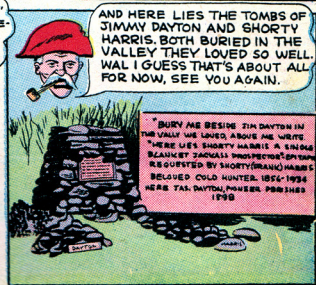
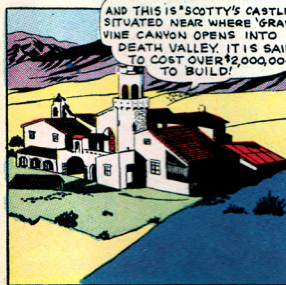
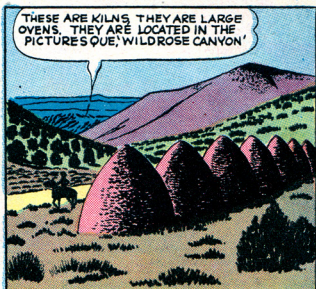
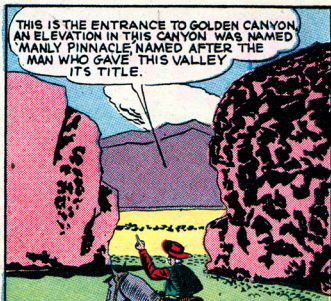
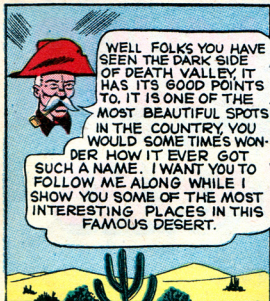


SOME OLD PROSPECTORS WHO KNEW THE WAYS OF THE DESERT, DISCOVERED RICH DEPOSITS OF GOLD HIDDEN IN THE MOUNTAIN AREA.



FATE WHO HELPED THESE MEN TO RICHES, WOULD USUALLY DEAL THEM A "COLD HAND" AND THEY BECAME BAIT FOR THE BUZZARDS.





DENVER MUDD

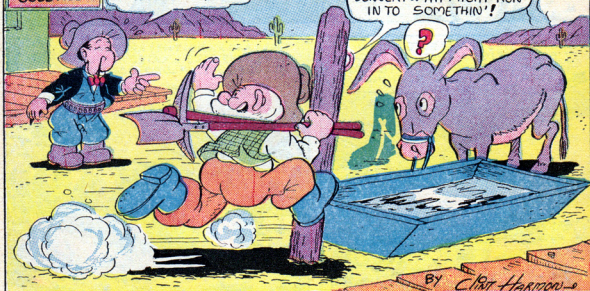
AND

BUSHEY BARNS

THE BIG
GOLD RUSH

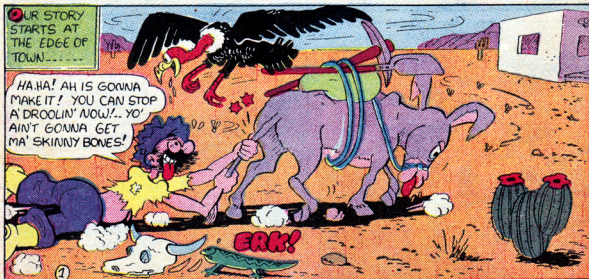
HA.HA. BUSHEY WOT
MAKES YOU THINK YOU COULD
FIND GOLD??

OH, YOU CAN'T TELL
DENVER!.. AH MIGHT RUN
IN TO SOMETHIN'!

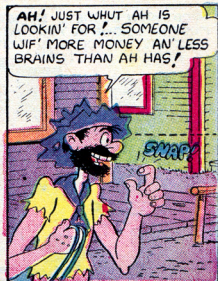
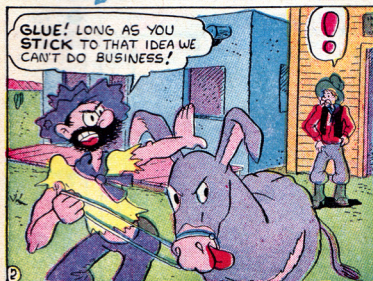
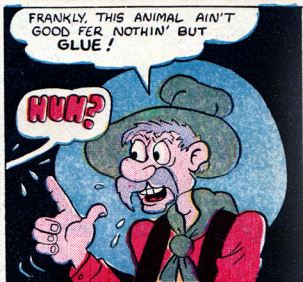
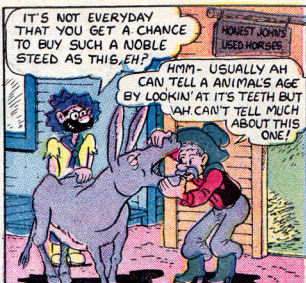


OUR STORY
STARTS AT
THE EDGE OF
TOWN.....

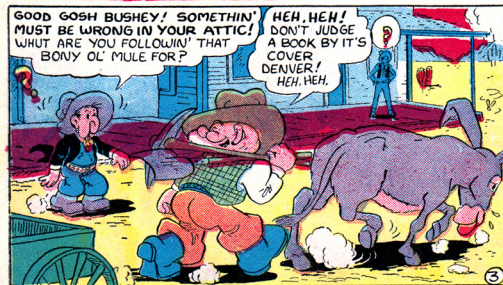
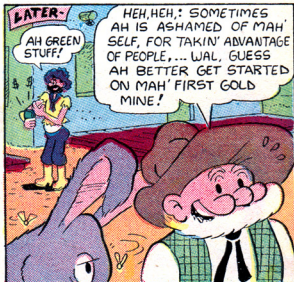
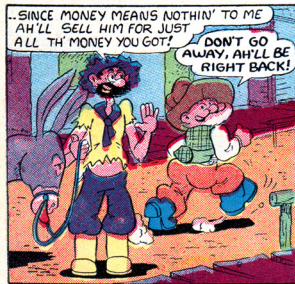
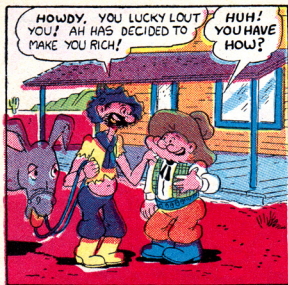
HA.HA! AH IS GONNA
MAKE IT! YOU CAN STOP
A'DROOLIN' NOW!.. YO'
AIN'T GONNA GET
MA' SKINNY BONES!

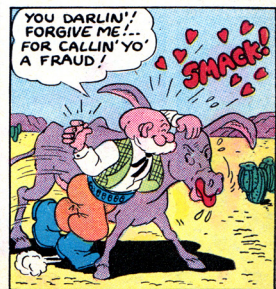
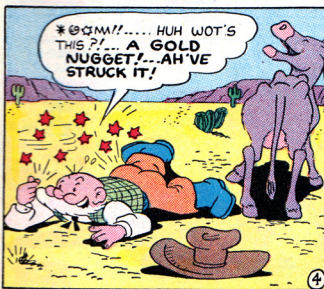
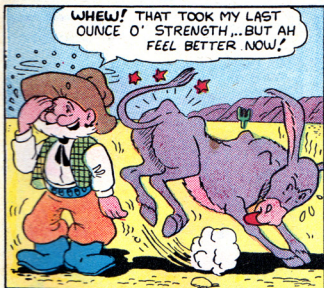
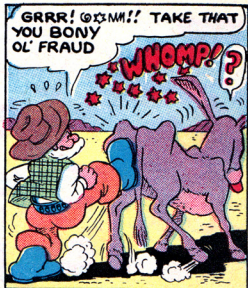
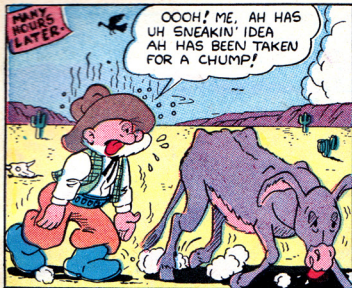


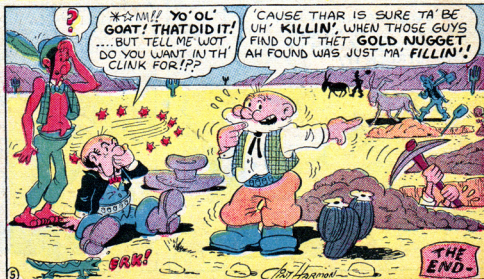
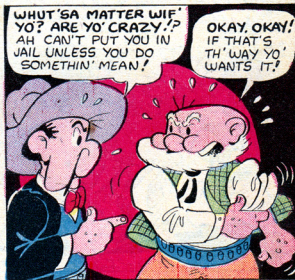
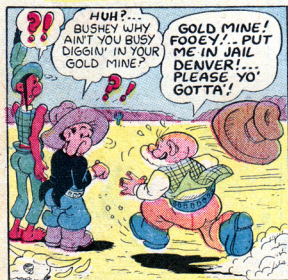
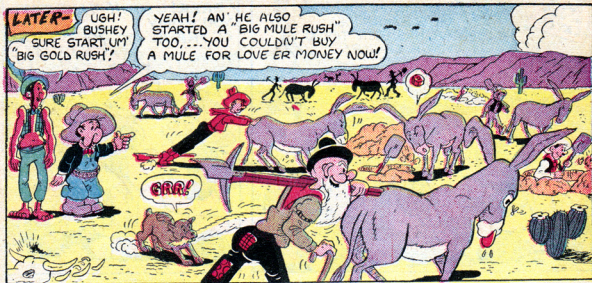
COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

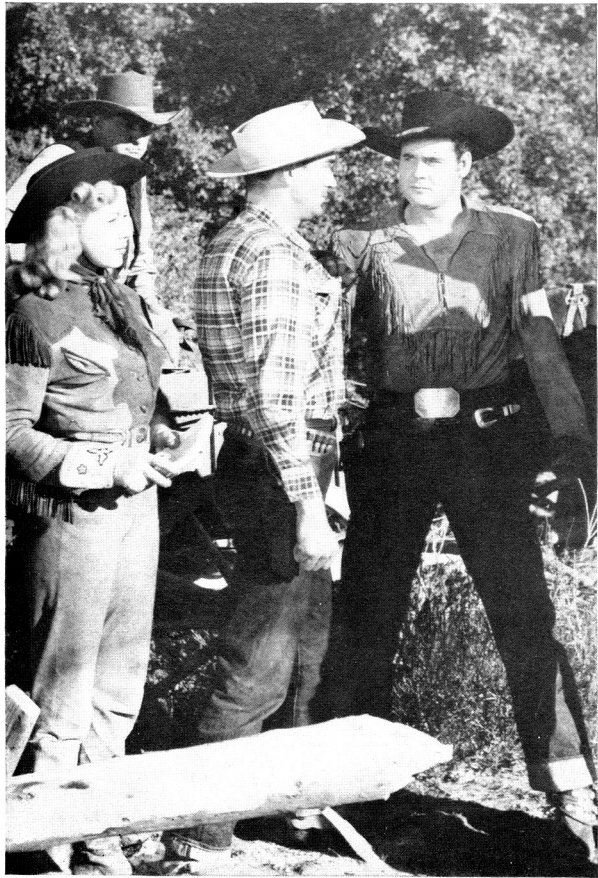


COWBOY WESTERN COMICS









REDUCE KEEP SLIM AT HOME WITH RELAXING, SOOTHING MASSAGE!

ELECTRIC SPOT REDUCER



UNDERWRITERS
LABORATORY
APPROVED



TAKE OFF UGLY FAT!

Don't Stay **FAT**—You Can **LOSE**
POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY without risking
HEALTH

Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and turkish baths—**MASSAGE!**

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